Marcel Ray Duriez

Nevaeh

Book: 39

Skin and Bones

Neveah- one said- ‘If you’re like me a writer- of novels, you have to like revising, and then I thought about it, that was all she knows, in her teaching, I got all of that too in my life- nothing but fixing and nothing there worth fixing that they passed down to me that is knowledge.’

Part: 1

A book has kept her looked as she was, and well keep her locked as we want her. The same book that was in the library was me charming her to keep her dumb to all that was around her, a book can hide all truth, and lie to the one that looks inside and the cover

that is known about is all that is seen, I was laying on the pages all these years to keep my powers…

I am the wonder they will never defeat. now her book is more powerful than mine lost in the old school, a library that she Lily used to haunt, my power over her then too, now this book is here, and so well she met It was all my doing when she had one thing to do, and that was carry in the book, with her to unravel it all, at last, I may get what I wanted, even if I am not alive, I am sure… well that all I am going to say- read the book and see the wicked I left inside.

I all and mighty- I am sure of it I have come back in a youngster's body and have taken over their mind, that I am sure of too, I am her, I am more than have Lily that is why she has fallen to me.

~YOU KNOW WHOM!!!

PS- ODD SOMETIMES, I LIKE TO TOY WITH SOME OF THE GIRLS THAT HAVE DREAM-CHARTERS IN FRONT OF THERE BED, THINKING THERE HEARING VOICES IN THERE HAD THINKING THEIR SOUL WELL BE TAKEN IF THEY- well- DO THAT!

~*~

(The twilight night of delight)

Oh, how could I’s have forgotten about saying this to you yet maybe I’s should not, I am shy about this stuff, so back on the train ride here, I did something knotty, am a very knotty little schoolchild, am I’s not? I’s did even know his name, yet we looked eyes on the platform, it was love at first sight; and I lost my virginity the second night in his car, on the train, over the highest of high viaducts, the train is on, oh he did not say much yet it was all the right things, for a girl like me… week and afraid of all things boy, yet

adventures in all other ways. Yes, yes, yes, OH- yes, we made love…

I looked at him and he at me, and yet again it was love, at first sight, looking in his doorway- he held me tightly, and know my names, or all things and said so sweetly… um- yepper- I snuck out, and met him my last chance for boy love, and was in his night car, I’s was in love, or so-o I thought, anyways he said- a girl named- Jenny haunts him, yet he never- wanted her, like me, so he said, he loves me for me, is what I got with him, and I went awe when he was being so sweet to me… and I'm got NAKED for him- as

little girls do for cute boys when girls like me are shy sweet and innocent! Jenny, they said, haunts the one- car, mine… yet I never saw here… yet felt her in me, she never made it to the school they said, she wanted to haunt, a boy's back home, and a railway- and she still is.

Other girls said she is a 'the little slut,' and is known by that title, in both worlds- mind you. other girls said she is a little of a slut. she was giving me the power I never had, being in me that night to be with a boy finally, so she can't be all bad, she just wants me to feel, the zenith of life- that I never

had, before the end, after that night and went back to our car and all the girls were looking at me say do tell, Karly said- to ‘stay away,’ I knew a Jenny like that, and a boy like that too, yet they want me to say- ‘EVERYTHING,’ SO I’S DID- to my girlfriends something new for me to that night, I was popular with them now.

Emma- ‘So romantic, I see why some boy would love you.’

And I have hugged her, and she was not wanting to let go of me, and I knew… I knew that she was going to be my girl-sweet-hart, and more than just

my friend, all these girls were now more than life to me.

Part: 2

And I will lead them into the- lounge, introduce you, transparent haunt Jenna, and pour them drinks. At eight-fifteen- or so less, they have seen more than- I, said Dariez; there was a call over the intercom, announce dinner to go to those cars, with your roommates, that is when I met Jenna AKA Jenny, and Karly was squaring the whole time, looking like she was going to vomit, odd if feel that was her thing that happened before. She set a and speed record for taking, jobs head

poled, girl and guys she f*cked, and even one she wanted to kill, -you know who. Jenny races through all the cars, hooting, and mooning, like a crazy girl.

Um and then- Dariez, you will say… all that… May I take you through to the- dining room, girls- Magirl no more they are- tonight…?

And said Dariez, offering one of his fat arms to an invisible girl, that was saying hey, get off me, and could not get where the sound was coming from.

And- all perfect little lady's ant' they! And sniffed the professor. 'Look

at them all so sweet-looking and oh so innocent, yes, yes!' He said- mostly looking ferociously at Naddalin, 'haunts we lead you down the path of distraction, they are misleading miss's- remember that.'

'And- ILs be in my room, making no noise, and pretending I'm not there,' said Naddalin mind-numbingly.

'Girl here you don't have to do that, have fun after all that is what this place is all about, dark freedom, for girls like you, and she and her too, you see? And- precisely, what your old life

was doesn’t matter here.’ He said with admiration and empathy.

Now, we should aim to get a few good compliments at dinner. Jennath, any ideas? ‘It’s just Jenny- but no… um- YES- sir.’

-And-

Read tells me you are a wonderful girl, that was misunderstood in the home and school, Mr. Magirl… I said, yes- and I am sorry for you- we did not know, that it would be like that for you. Everything about you girl is Perfect… Dariez…, you said quite enough?

-Besides-

How about that…

‘We had to write an essay about our Hearo's at- Hayvannahol, And I write about you.’

Part: 3

She was too much for both Aunt and Uncle, they were dickheads, PROFESSOR! She shirked… not in front of new students.

‘Yeah- he’s a real fuzz- a nut!’ She said in return.

They had me on Lorazepam, that is why I’s did what I did they said,

not they took me off it was what happened.

Her mouth dropped…

‘One again- they win the gold, in the moron Olympics, don’t they? ‘None of this is your fault girl, their ignorance, they put down on you is the ignorance you have no choices, but to reflect with-in you, what you see is what you’re going to know and show back to us, and if you see nothing but their ignorance, you are going to be nothing more than ignorant.’’ She said fast.

Jennath And Naddalin... I apologize for his word of the tongue.

Look there on that desk the typewriter is typing our stories, funny it is doing that all by itself, when alive that would have been nice no? everything all of us do is documented on this Underwood, it was hers you know- whom...? Her...! And it was said that the well to wright is what possesses it to keep going. See it even has her name on it, it was left here by her younger, this is what she brought along on her train ride to the dark side, and it been on this desk senses. It was Jaylynn's wish to remember, for all

fallen girls to be added to her mom’s story, that all the girl’s chapters be to add in the book of life, like a little girl's Bible.

‘For serval?’

‘Yes?’

‘Yes!’ I spoke.

Jenna burst into tears and hugged the girl, while Naddalin and the girls looked, saying- ‘I'm sorry it was all my felt,’ then she ducked under the-table in the dining car, so they would not see her crying.

~*~

‘Jenna said that a girl like me well ride as many DICKS as it takes to find the one, that is not a DICK- with a dick!’

~*~

(Haunted Prom)

I look at what the typewriter has said, as it was scripting knowing what is in my harts - of harts; and then the page was spite out of the roller, and into my hand, it lapped, and I read it something they said I could not do, too… and there it was I’s got what I always wanted, and this is the story or that night to come, already planned,

the haunted formal, a dance with the boy from the train, his name was there, and she looked at me saying this is the one I lost to her- right there and Karly points under the desk… oh and it was- it was ever so-o perfect, and I had the loving night of a lifetime waiting but it was worth it.

~*~

Part: 4

(Castle)

‘And…’

‘And you, girl?’

‘And…’

‘And- you don’t mean…’

You cannot mean the- people who live here- do yah? Cried Professor Pattergirl, who jumping to her feet and pointing at number four, in a line of girls. I have been watching them all day like I said this one more. And Dorezblumd- you cannot. You could not find two people who are less like us. And they have the girl, I saw her kicking, they got her he said as she was dragged up the- street, they got her, she is screaming. (It was the mother of… them.)

Naddalin, - come and live here, she is in the castle!

‘Both?’

‘What?’

Emma- ‘Oh, I said too much!’

‘It is that she is here… I don’t know was you are saying- was the other about her?’

Chapter: 157

Part: 1

Besides-

The aunt and uncle were awful… Emma said to them just popping in magical out of thin air, we are well able to explain everything to her when she is a little older, she is a

fallen wizard angel on earth and the girl who survived, like them with given lives, as the chosen one back with us in our world, where she wants something from her, what we do not know… we never did.

Then and so-o, it is the- best place for her, and her need, they think she is still alive you see, as just a girlie girl like them, said Dorezblumd firmly- when she was staying with over the point, she could not stand them any longer.

As you know-

I have written she-m a letter, saying we are taking her full time, and it is paid for, they think she going to a metal handicap school for girls like her- ‘whatever that means.’

‘SICK- SICK-’ she said.

-And-

A letter… like that- freak’n hell- you are going to kill the girl- before- you know who well, get her, doing something like that? You made her out to be brain dead, like the ones in the hex, that over the fact she is one, and I do not believe, that is so-o.

Then repeated Professor, Pattergirl faintly, sitting back down on the- tan stone wall.

‘You don’t think this of this girl, now- do yah?’

‘Not at all- yet, well shall see…’

Dorezblumd, you think you can explain, all the in a letter, to them and her when she gets older, she will be- living back here to you know and girls are mean. Yes, it is part of being bewitched, and the cards she was dealt with.

Everyone in this world, um- well not understand her, in the cruel

war of hate, she will do fine back in our world, yet not here you see girls are mean here; these latter stats a murder of over her young life in the town- and I assure you nothing is confidential. So-o, in a way, I have seen these many times, with her past bloodline too.

‘She’ll be famous - a legend- times’ over…’

I would not be astonished, if today was known as Naddalin - day in the- future - she will be books written about Naddalin, I am sure of it - every child in our world will know her name, and story!

-And-

‘Exactly…’

‘And’- said Dorezblumd, looking very seriously over her- top of the half-moon glasses.

‘It would be enough to turn any girl’s head, and well do that too with the others when she gets a little older.’

(Back to the night she was left)

‘Famous before she- can talk and walk!’

‘Famous, and celebrated for something she- won’t even remember, by the time we get back to her!’

‘Can’t you see how much better off… growing up away from this world, ‘tell she is older with- you know who- wanting her very soul to take, like with them in the past. Yet, she will be, growing up away from all of us thought, while waiting for the time she is ready to fight for her life if she can have one?’

-And-

Professor Pattergirl opened her mouth, changing her mind, she swallowed hard, then she said, ‘Yes - yes, you’re right,’ of course, you always are so-o- right- yet this feels so, wrong- everything about this girl is going to

look wrong to others, and feel that way not- it is the allure you feel, of the hex.

‘But how is she- this girl getting there, Dorezblumd?’

She would- eyed the robe suddenly, as though she would- thought she- might be hiding Naddalin underneath it.

Dargide’s bringing her…

-And-

So, how do you think it is - wise - to trust Dargide with something as precious, valuable, costly, prized, dear, sweet, and totally- important as she?

Dorezblumd- ‘Besides, I would trust Dargide with my life…’

Professor Pattergirl- ‘Um- I’m not saying she they ant’ in the- right or wrong, and are not the right ones for her, I say this reluctantly, it is what has to be.’

~*~

Nevertheless, you cannot imagine she is not selfish, insensitive, unkind, inconsiderate, and thoughtless.

‘She- does tend to be so- what was that…?’

-And-

A low-slung heavenizing sound had broken the- silence around them. It grew little by little louder as they observed her; up and down the- street for some sign of a headlight; it swelled to a rumble as they both watched up at the- skies, then just like that- a gigantic link, the passageway to the old time-worn train station back to their world fell out of the- air, like a winding path of an aperture, and property-owning on-the-road in front of them, they would be riding the train momentarily, in a fish of bright light.

The pathway- the passage was enormous, rushing through time- and

warping it as the clock ticked away time in reality- yet, here that is not a thing- until we get there, it was nothing to the girl sitting next to me, yet you feel like your face is ripping off, and your body pulled.

Like, like, like- she- was approximate- double as big as a normal girl would be, and at least five times as common.

She- looked simply too big to be allowed in the flora and fauna, and so uninhabited- long knots of disheveled incomprehensible hair, as well as beard hid most of the face, she-

had hands,’ that where curtain call to me.

At last, where did you get that way in, I never used it before?

Looking at the woman on the bench pointing towards us, In the vast, muscular arms she- was holding a bundle of coverlets. With her body type, and her feet in the leash's boots were too big also, and the coverlets to small. There, said Dorezblumd, sounding dismissed.

‘Borrowed it’- I did, said Professor Dorezblumd…

Sit that train pulls away, and said she, climbing carefully off as she-spoke, down the steps of the car.

Part: 2

Likewise- young Titus Black lent it to me.

‘I’ve got her.’

No problems, where there?

-And-

No, sir – the household was almost demolished, nonetheless, I got her out all right- I did before she-Nonmagical peoples started crowding

around. She- fell asleep as we flew over the town.

-And-

Dorezblumd and Professor Pattergirl bent forward over her- a bundle of blankets.

Inside, just visible, was a baby girl, fast asleep. Under a tuft of jet-black hair over the forehead, they could see a curiously shaped cut, like an angel of HER.

‘And- this is where…?’ Also, whispered Professor Pattergirl, ‘a town known as Barnesboro.’

Dorezblumd, besides, said-

‘Yes…’

She well has that blemish forever, of her mark. (THAT GIRL!)

-And-

Dorezblumd- ‘Couldn’t you do something about that?’

‘Let her hear grow over… end of the story, and pitch to the one side.’

Like, like, like- um even if I could or would, I would not, scars can come in handy.

I have one myself above my left knee, which is a perfect map of the-

Pennsylvania Underground- ‘The Underworld.’

‘Do you remember that one girl thought…?’

‘Yah sh-h we don’t talk of that…’

‘Sweet girl…’

Part: 3

Naddalin- I am always- Felt too much is a and that is a hell of a lot better than feeling nothing, yet you get the put you do not feel anything anymore. Broken hearts healed. The cracks were always there, like my scars, but they healed, thus it is there

to retell you. Do you know how many ways love can hit you? We make destiny with every turn, every single choice.

Emma- I never did, until I came here. So, it makes you joyful, or despondent? It makes you feel like a king or a fool. Every way love can hit you; it has hit me when it comes to you, and me. It makes you sick in the belly or hurt in the heart. It makes all brighter and shriller, or it hazes all the boundaries. The humorous thing about facing forthcoming demise is that it breaks everything else into an outlook on matters and what ensures- not.

(Class)

Karly said to a professor- ‘Fundamentally, I have two speeds... Aggressive or smart-aleck, it’s your choice.’

(Back the doorstep)

Dorezblumd took Naddalin in the arms and turned toward her- Natalie's house.

Well - give her there, a teen year from now or so, we get her.

We better get this over with, looking at them holding the little girl in their arms.

-And-

I could - could I say goodbye to her, sir?

She asked at that moment, that is when she- bent over some to look at her one last time, the great, disheveled head over Naddalin, and gave her what must have been an incredibly soft, kiss, then, unexpectedly, then let out a cry like a wounded dog.

‘Sh-h-h!’

Professor Pattergirl, and you will wake the- Nonmagical peoples!

…And- so-o…

…?...

Um- sorry, was said while sobbed, here then, taking out a large, spotted handkerchief and drying her eyes on it.

Nevertheless, I cannot stand the aforementioned - Lily an Alyssa dead - an' poor little Naddalin being with them, and- and life and with nasty nonmagical peoples.

Likewise- 'Yes, yes, it's all incredibly sad,' but get a grip on yourself you must.

Then, or we will be found, And Professor Pattergirl whispered, patting the gingerly on the- arm as Dorezblumd

stepped over her- low garden wall and walked to the- fort door.

For a full minute- they stood and looked at her- the little bundle.

She- laid Naddalin gently on the- doorstep, took a letter out of the Robe, tucked it inside Naddalin's blankets, yet all you could see was the baby in a picnic basket floating ever- so lightly gently down to the step… or so they thought, they were not seen.

Naddalin fought to keep her face and smile straight as she- emerged.

The shoulders shook, Professor Pattergirl blinked furiously,

Blink- blink- blink…

The- twinkling light that usually stands out from Dorezblumd's eyes seemed to have gone out, faded to gray.

'You'll grow up fast and right- too right, you will.'

'A child they said forcefully, holding her for the first time.'

The- nonmagical people mother- 'I do not know anything about you… little on, yet I feel that I should

take you as one of my own after all the notes said- to do so-o.’

‘And it’s going to stay that way… ‘your ours.’’

Part: 4

Then dinner is over, you take Mr.S. Magirl back to the- lounge for coffee, Jennath, and I will bring the- subject around to drills.

With any luck, I will have the- deal signed…

And sealed before she- news at ten…

Be shopping for a vacation home in Majorca the time Hayvanna- horror.

-And-

Naddalin could not feel too excited about her. She- did not think she- Sleyashs would like her any better in Majorca than they did on the pathway and lane.

And Right - I am off into town to pick up the- dinner jackets for Dariez and me. You, and she- snarled at Naddalin. And You stay out of your aunt’s way while she would be cleaning.

-And-

~*~

(Back at the homestead for some time of schooling)

Naddalin left through the- back door, of the home. It was a brilliant, sunny day. She- crossed the- lawn, slumped down on the- garden bench, and sang under the breath-

‘Happy birthday to me…’

‘Happy birthday to me…’

(Singing)

Yet- yet, yet!

No cards, no presents, and she- would be spending the- evening pretending not to exist. Then she- gazed miserably into the- her notebook of birthdays past feeling nothing is changing.

I have run into the girls from her time in her story here, and the oncoming ones that whereafter, she- Karly, Haven, Olivia, Maddie, Maggie, Karly, also.

Look there Maggie and Karly are hooking up yet again, under yet a new set of steps in the haunted castle, that is likened to the school for girls, and the other side for boys, the tall

towering rickety, sky viaduct is where they like to hang, all the girls are forbidden to go over there unless it something epic, all the wicked in your mind and more go down there, it’s so cute to see young love, all over, again, just like Liv and Maddie holding hands (like in the pass their young girls all over again) looking over the sunsets, night after night, and French kissing, with the bridge and castle as the backdrop to their foreground, is them off so nuts for each other it makes my heart sick, yet I had never felt so lonely.

I have seen- Kristen and Jaylynn too, and she was unreal to me.

That was I did the unthinkable I went over to the boy side and we- met in the middle and did things, the boy from the train, Marcel, is the name he said breathlessly after the long kiss and his hands on my butt. ‘I need more them just girly time with- me myself and I, to feel the holes inside me.’

Oh yes, his hand glides down once I had her hand, I never wanted to let go of her. my arm folds around my hand. Her fingers lace with mine, palms kissing like lips, and I can feel the fast thud of her eternal heart through this

single touch, too, it was surreal ever like this, we all had this feeling, even if boy where there a girl just gets it more sometimes. More than anything else at the school for girls, more even than playing- Claepsiara, Naddalin Missed her best friends, Jinger Railie and Emmah Kizziah. They, however, did not seem to be missing her at all. Neishe of Them had written to her all summer, even though Jinger had said- ‘I am going to ask Naddalin to come and stay with me and see if she want to go out with me over the break.

Countless times, Naddalin had been on the- point of unlocking buzzard

cage by magic and sending her to Jinger and Emmah, how also seem to have an on and off a thing of love-hate, going on, anyways, with a letter, it worth the- risk, I asked him to have forbidden love me sex with me. And we did, on the ornate- old- world like- bridge… at sunset, with a pink- and orange sky.

I am worried- Underage wizards like young sex, with girls my age, was not allowed to use magic outside of Hayvannahol, or to have that inside.

The girls- Naddalin had not told us all, yet we all knew by her

bouncing about the next day, for the first in a lifetime this girl was happy.

Karly- I used to hate looking into a merrow TO LIKE YOU GIRL-IE until I learned to suction-cup my, dildo to it, that what she said to me, you need to learn yourself be you can a girl or a boy, she was right- and I did, and got the charisma to freaking him like I was on it sucked to the glass- I was the GIRL- on top.

TAKE- MERROW- THAT THING THAT MAKES YOU FEEL BAD ABOUT WHO YOU ARE LAY IT ON THE FLOOR AND USE IT TO FEEL GOOD! She

spoke. I’s did as much as I could, in one day, I am a honey girl anyway.

I thought you did not give a did-aly-do-darn about me! She closed her eyes, and I closed mine, and even though we were not holding hands, it felt like we were.

Because, what we had, we knew. Marcel Kissed Kristen saying, I love you yet, I love her more…

I am not asking you to walk in my shoes, this time no I am asking you to be inside of her; I would never wish my afflictions on anyone.

But could you walk beside me on the secure ground and reach to hold my hand, I have his hand lay on my stomach as he slept soundly with me that night I was in his bunk. I entwined my fingers with his and breathed through the warmth that seeped through my chest, and then the next week I need someone a did the same with her- not sure what I want yet sure I want both. Such a simple, sweet thing to do, yet holding hands in bed was incredibly intimate, to do it with her- like it was him.

Karly- I even said to him- ‘she needs you as I did then.’

Part: 5

Sleyashs- she- knew it was only their terror that she- might turn them all into dung beetles that stopped them from locking her in the- cupboard under the- stairs with her wand and broomstick, just like your mother before for you- your real mother she was a witch, and that lead to you, you are one to Naddalin, and well blame you no for it all.

For the- first duo of weeks back, Naddalin had enjoyed muttering nonsense words under the breath and watching Dariez tearing out of the-

room as fast as her fat legs would carry her.

Nevertheless, the- long silence from Jinger and Emmah had made Naddalin feel so cut off from her- magical world, that even taunting Dariez had lost its appeal - and now Jinger and Emmah had forgotten her birthday.

‘I remember this one I was 7- she pulled the memory out of her mind like a spider web out to see it as a hologram to play a video out in front of her and their eyes.

‘What wouldn’t she- give now for a message from at the school for girls?’

‘From any witch or wizard or fallen girl.’

She would be almost glad of a sight of the archenemy, Dalilah Mallerie, just to be sure it had not all been a dream…

Not that the entire year at the school for girls had been fun.

At the- very end of the last term, Naddalin had come face-to-face with none other than Lord Ava herself. Ava might be a ruin of the former self,

but she- was still petrifying, still, toe cunning, figured out to regain power, as the ones before her- said never-ever let go of.

Naddalin had slipped through Ava’s clutches’ for the second time, but it had been a narrow escape, Besides, like even as of now, weeks later, Naddalin kept walking in the- starlight evening, drenched in cold sweats, speculating where Ava was now if not inside her mind boy and soul, remembering she incensed face, the wide, mad eyes, and the 8-year-old mad- short school girl look of it, complete, and her body in the rob, that

was far too big, like someone girl that had to be reborn and has to grow- yet once moreover.

Naddalin suddenly sat upright on the- garden bench, taking all the wonders of the world into her mind. She- had been staring absent-mindedly out of her eyes, but then there seemed to the eye within hers looking in and out of the very one she was gazing with- and she- staring back, into her, feeling all that was a weakness. Two enormous green eyes had appeared among the- leaves, and that was once her sweet thoughts turn to fear and wickedness.

Naddalin jumped to her feet just as a jeering voice floated across the- lawn. And I know what day it is, sang Dariez, waddling toward her, out of nowhere, yet- I know why- I know that he felt that she was back, and getting at me or even more spooking all down within me. The- huge eyes blinked all in my mind, then the feeling of her vanished, as I am galloped, feeling as if I choked her down, her ghost.

Horcrux- ‘Spitting her soul is what she did… I knew, so you will never- ever pass on.’ A Horcrux is an object in which a Dark wizard or witch

or even angels fallen or not have hidden a fragment of his or her soul to conquer immortality.

…She is the one that has one… I would no… and them to in the story with the hex…

This is what they used too- I's would know… it is written in her history.

What…? Said Naddalin, not taking her eyes off the feeling of dishonored, desecrated sullied, despoiled, and violated feelings.

Shaken, it hit me all these years it been this. And I know what day

it is, Dariez repeated, coming right up to her, asking the question, that you would ask a girl, that has just stocked. Then out of thin air turn about Deanahe, saying Naddalin finally learned the- days of the- week it is, now let us see if she can get mounts and years right now. Not taking the moment for what it was.

‘Today’s your birthday, do you remember that now.’ Dariez sneered.

‘Like- how come you do not have any cards, is over you are just like her the girl from that story that you love so- to you have a girlie crush on her? Haven’t you even got friends at

this freak'n place, is all that you know how to do is diddle- yourself to your creepy- creeper mind?'

'Awe- going to cry?' - 'Oh go- eat a PP and J!'

-And-

Better not let your mom there you are talking about my Hayvannahol, said Naddalin coolly. Dariez hitched up her trousers, which were slipping down she fat both Hayvannah. Why are you staring at her- hedge? She- said with most uncertainty… I am trying to resolve what would be the- best spell to set it on fire, said Naddalin. Dariez

stumbled backward at once, with a look of panic on her face.

Part: 6

One night at the school, Naddalin and girls in your room you cannot be walking around your room in the nude, it came over the intercoms for all to hear, ‘The boys go bare-chested why can we, I said.’

You cannot - Dad told you-you are not to do magic. Like if you did, she- said he will chuck you out of the-house, I am telling you this now listen. I know that you do not have anywhere else to go, and I want you here anyway.

You do not have any friends to take you, yet I want you here so-o stop. And just like that she was gone and the girl, that was left there was not her, just and entities, that keeps her on autopilot.

Naddalin in a fierce voice said this. And Hocus pocus - squiggly wiggly ‘MUM!’ Dariez, tripping over the feet as she- dashed back toward the- house. And MUUUUM! She is doing you know what!

-And-

Naddalin paid dearly for the moment of fun, yet that has always

been her life, she cannot have that, like them… of the past, all joys in life are not allowed when you have the curse.

Look, I am sorry about that telephone call. I hope she- nonmagical peoples did not give you a tough time. I asked Dad, and she- reckons I should not have shouted.

Aunt Jennath knew she- had not done magic, but she- still had to duck as she would- aimed a heavy blow at the head with the- soapy frying pan. As neither Dariez nor she- evaded was in any way hurt. Then she would- gave her work to do, with her- with the

promise that she- would not eat again until she had finished.

~*~

It is amazing there in Rockville…

Sara’s taken us around all she-Hayvannahbs, and you would not believe the- curses those old Rockvilleian wizards put on them.

Mom would not let Jill come in the- last one. There were all these mutant skellies’ in there, of nonmagical peoples who had broken in and grown extra heads.

I could not believe it when Dad won the- Star press Draw. Seven hundred galleons! Most of it is gone on the trip, but they are going to buy me a new wand for next year.

Naddalin remembered extremely well the- occasion when Jinger's old wand had snapped. It had happened when the- car the- two of them had been driving to the school for girls had crashed into a tree on the- Hayvannahol grounds, neither were old enough to dive yet they missed the train.

We will be back about a week before term starts and we will be going

up to Pennsylvania to get my wand and our new books, a little shop back there is where to go. Any chance of meeting you there?

Do not let the- nonmagical peoples get you down, back there- they are nothing but trolls!

~*~

Try and come to Pennsylvania, Jinger P.S. Serafina's Head Girl. She- got the- letter last week.

Naddalin glanced back at the- photograph. Serafina, who was in the seventh and final year at the school for girls, was looking particularly smug.

She- had pinned the Head Girl badge to her- fez perched jauntily on top of the neat hair, she horn-rimmed glasses flashing in her- Rockvilleian sun.

Naddalin now turned to the present and unwrapped it wildly.

Inside was what looked like a ring with a hardtop, the rock was pink now all is good.

There was another note from Jinger beneath it.

Naddalin - she is a Pocket Sneakoscope.

If there is someone untrustworthy around, it is supposed to light up, shades of colors, if red you will know that there is danger ahead.

Sara says it is nonsense sold for wizard tourists and is not dependable, because it kept lighting up at dinner last night, and that it was dictating. Nevertheless, she- did not realize, Breanna and Katy had put creepy-crawlies in the soup.

‘So, Naddalin, now that you have had your verbal period, can we move on? Emma said to me.’

Part: 7

Bye - Jinger

Naddalin put she- Pocket Sneakoscope on the bedside table, it was part of the note, and with all notes, they hold spells, and secrets, that came with the ring, where it sat quiet and still, she was awaiting movements or something, yet did nothing.

The tower, with its winding staircase, is off to the side of her and the girl’s room, though an old large wooden door, that looks to be mid-evil, Naddalin, is now looking over to the clock with its face inside the room she is in, that is part of the tower, the highest one at that, of the castle; she

stood, looking out the stained glass of it that has the numbers, seeing all the moving parts, balanced on its point, reflecting the- luminosities of the hand of the clock in shadow, with the light that is inside. All the moving parts clanking together in a rhythmic motion was fascinating to her mind. She- looked at it happily for a few seconds, then picked up the- parcel she had brought. Inside she, too, there was a wrapped present, a card, a letter, she time from Emmah.

(Cut)

That same night- girly chatting about girlie things…

Karly- ‘Girls Giving Blow Jobs!’ Naddalin- ‘And want the leftover on their face,’ I was asking for advice, just- ‘like with a girl too,’ ‘oh yes.’ She asked- ‘Why is that what you’re doing with a boy tonight?’

She asked me: Have you ever given a blowjob? ‘Yes!’ How old were you the first time? ‘13, and it was last night, I made myself older in a spell to keep him, I used the go back in time charm’ How old was the guy? ‘14’ Did you make him cum? ‘Yes,’ With him or her? ‘Both!’ ‘Where did he cum?’ in my mouth and face, she was the same.

‘Where does the guy usually cum?’ She said- ‘Mouth and face…’

Me- ‘Is that what I should let him do to me?’

Her- ‘Only if you want to, sure.’

Me- ‘How many guys have you blown?’ Karly said- ‘10 maybe 18 at age 13 and up.’

She said- ‘The Shortest time you've known a guy before giving head? one day, that is okay.’

I asked- ‘Do you deep throat.?’

Karly- ‘Yes love the taste of dick, and also- well you, or her pussy if

that is your thing, I have been there too.' I knew that she was experienced and would be a good girl to go to for f*cking advice.

~*~

Me-

'Yep…'

One boy, one night of OH!

One girl, one night of OH!

She won overall!

She is the one I LOVE!

Yet, I been very much in-like with him- oh, HUM…

I love being wrong it feels so right…

Part: 8

(Note)

Dear Naddalin,

Jinger wrote to me told me about the phones call to your Uncle Read. I do hope you are all right. I am on holiday in France at the- moment… look at the photos of me under the Elfelt Tower, I did not know how, I was going to send this to you, but what if they would open it at and saw it was my undies for your enjoyment, for sniffing pledger, something to remind you of

me, and what you have wanted to lick- and have and did for me, now you can have these to hold on too. I think she would- wanted to make sure you got something for your birthday for a change, the ones from our first night as lovers.

From-

Love Emmah

Part: 9

I did not buy you your, I do not have any money, to do so; there was an advertisement to me, that I would be getting something delivered; it is so good to keep up with what is going on

in the- wizarding world, also, here form her with this out load self-understanding note, that shows the moving text on picture.

Did you see that picture of Jinger and her family a week ago? I bet she is learning loads. I am jealous - she- ancient Rockvilleian wizards was fascinating.

There is some thought-provoking local theory of witchcraft there, too. I have rewritten my whole Story of Magic essay to include some of the- things I have found out; I hope it is not too long - it is three rolls of

parchment more than Professor Bans asked for me to do.

Jinger says she is ‘going to be in Pennsylvania in the- last week of the- holidays.’

‘Can you make it too?’

‘Will your aunt and uncle let you come?’

‘I hope you can.’

‘Uncertainty about it then, (there was a backside to the note,) I will see you on the- Express on September the 11th!’ P.S. Jinger says Serafina’s Head Girl. I will bet

Serafina’s pleased. Jinger does not seem too pleased about it all.

At that moment at that time on that day- Naddalin giggled as she- put Emmah’s letter aside and picked up the present, in a hollow book with music notes on it, and said keep them forever and ever. Giggling… at the cute juvenile like cartoon printed panties, Minnie mouse on the front part, all pink and young girlie. It was very heavy, to take all at once, in my young 13-year-old mind, I knew, that the next day- after my B-day, like- I would be back to my real age, but it was fun, to relive all that I was cheated out of, at that age as

a younger girl, it was my wish. Um- ah- like- like- like- knowing Emmah, she- I's was sure it would be a large book full of exceedingly difficult spells - but it was not, it was an empty book felled with things that show our love, and new chapters to add in the book of life- just another chapter added in.

Part: 10

(Hot Springs)

Jenny the haunt- said to me in the bath- looking down at me as an apparition- 'Yah- sneezed, wheezed, coughed, gagged and jazzed! GOOD FOR YOU!' In a condescending way.

And she dived in the water with her, of the all the girls at once- roman style bath, the only place in the 2,000-year-old cartel where there is allowed to run about fully nude, with all the girls, at 7 p.m. sharp ‘till 8 p.m.

I was getting a lesson from the leading girl!

(19 inches now passed in book physicals thickness for world records recorded.)